No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came vntimelie to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to my neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king *Henry* from his natiue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious *Queene* pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.
*Queen.* Yes *Warwike* I doe quite forget thy former
Faults, if now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend.
*War.* So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if king *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him,
*Lew.* Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed king,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
*Bona.* Tell him in hope he'le be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.
*Queen.* Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.
*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Thear



Thears thy reward, begone.
*Lew.* But now tell me *Warwike*, what assurance
*I* shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
*War.* This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.
*Queen.* With all my hart, that match *I* like full wel,
Loue her sonne *Edward*, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to *Warwike* for thy loue.
*Lew.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon* our high Admirall,
Shall wast them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.
*War.* *I* came from *Edward* as *I* mbassadour
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
*I* was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And *I*le be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* miserie,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter king *Edward*, the *Queene* and *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, and *Montague*, and *Hastings*, and *Penbrooke*, with souldiers.

*Edw.* Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloucester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie *Gray*?